
ESSAYS

HAIKU AND THE ART OF FOREST BATHING

*Michael Dylan Welch*¹

into the woods
the silence between us
softens

*Bob Lucky*²

entering the woods
a hiking stick selects me
to carry it

*Cor van den Heuvel*³

alone in the woods
i meet me
in a fallen leaf

*Andrea Grillo*⁴

The haiku poet, or so it seems, is an inveterate forest bather—that is, someone who delights in taking long and luxuriant soaks in woods and forests. Such dwelling in nature, of going to the pine to learn of the pine, as Bashō advised, is surely the source of much haiku. And as Buson said, quoted in Tom Lowenstein’s book *Classic Haiku*, it is good to “Walk in the forest and the mountains. This way you will acquire [haiku] naturally.”⁵ Nor is this just a Japanese perspective—as Robert Louis Stevenson once said, “It is not so much for its beauty that the forest makes a claim upon men’s hearts, as for that subtle something, that quality of air, that emanation from old trees, that so wonderfully changes and renews a weary spirit.”

buckthorn in bloom
I am a stranger here
in these woods

*Charles Trumbull*⁶

walking around the forest
with every step of mine
the forest walks

*Toshio Kimura*⁷

Thoreau said, “Every walk is a sort of crusade.”⁸ The renewal offered by forests is not given just to haiku poets, of course, but to everyone. More than thirty-five years ago the Japanese government even thought it should be mandated—or strongly encouraged. So it instituted a program that it called *shinrin-yoku*, which has been translated as “forest bathing.” According to an article by Eva Selhub and Alan Logan in *Mother Earth News*, this program was designed to reconnect the Japanese people with the forestlands around them:

In 1982, the Forest Agency of the Japanese government premiered its shinrin-yoku plan. In Japanese shinrin means forest, and yoku, although it has several meanings, refers here to a “bathing, showering or basking in.” More broadly, it is defined as “taking in, in all of our senses, the forest atmosphere.” The program was established to encourage the populace to get out into nature, to literally bathe the mind and body in greenspace, and take advantage of public owned forest networks as a means of promoting health. Some 64 percent of Japan is occupied by forest, so there is ample opportunity to escape the megacities that dot its landscape.⁹

train window
I reflect
into the woods

*Zoanne Schnell*¹⁰

losing it
the way finds me —
woodland hike

*Penny Harter*¹¹

Forest bathing is not just a mystical renewal, either, but a source of various other benefits, not to mention the poetic inspiration that haiku poets receive. We may think of forest bathing as giving us healthy doses of Vitamin N. N for nature. It’s a kind of spiritual therapy. But forest bathing provides more than that. In *Alive*, an online journal for natural health and wellness, Will Richter wrote that forest walking imparts physical health benefits as well as spiritual ones. Indeed, Richter explains why it’s valuable to take a leisurely walk in the woods:

The result? A host of health benefits, including a boosted immune system, an increase in cancer-battling proteins, and improved blood pressure,

among others. Studies have also found psychological benefits, with forest bathers seeing significant increases in positive feelings and decreases in negative feelings.¹²

Of course, haiku poets hardly need convincing that it's a wonderful world out there, but here's a passage from David Guterson's *Snow Falling on Cedars* that provides a sense of forest bathing in exquisite detail:

Hatsue found herself walking in the woods later that afternoon. It was getting on toward the end of February, a time of only bleak light. In spring great shafts of sun would split the canopy of trees and the litter fall of the forest would come floating down—twigs, seeds, needles, dust bark, all suspended in the hazy air—but now, in February, the woods felt black and the trees looked sodden and smelled pungently of rot. Hatsue went inland to where the cedars gave way to firs hung with lichens and moss. Everything was familiar and known to her here—the dead and dying cedars full of punky heartwood, the fallen, defeated trees as high as a house, the upturned root wads hung with vine maple, the toadstools, the ivy, the salal, the vanilla leaf, the low wet places full of devil's club. These were the woods through which she had wandered on her way home from Mrs. Shigemura's lessons, the woods where she had cultivated the kind of tranquility Mrs. Shigemura had demanded. She'd sat among sword ferns six feet tall or on a shelf above a vale of trilliums and opened her eyes to the place. As far back as she could recall the content of her days there had always been this silent forest which retained for her its mystery.

There were straight rows of trees—colonnades—growing out of the seedbed of trees that had fallen two hundred years before and sunk and become the earth itself. The forest floor was a map of fallen trees that had lived half a thousand years before collapsing—a rise here, a dip there, a mound or moldering hillock somewhere—the woods held the bones of trees so old no one living had ever seen them. Hatsue had counted the rings of fallen trees more than six hundred years old. She had seen the deer mouse, the creeping vole, the green-hued antlers of the white-tailed deer decaying underneath a cedar. She knew where lady fern grew and phantom orchids and warted giant puffballs.

Deep among the trees she lay on a fallen log and gazed far up branchless trunks. A late winter wind blew the tops around, inducing in her a momentary vertigo. She admired a Douglas fir's complicated bark, followed its groove to the canopy of branches two hundred feet above. The world was incomprehensibly intricate, and yet this forest made a simple sense in her heart that she felt nowhere else.¹³

Later in the novel, Guterson describes another character as being “so moved by the beauty of the world he could not keep himself from utterance.” Surely it is this very transcendence that moves us to write haiku. We cannot help it—even if it comes after a period of speechlessness. What a wonderful world.

unknown birdsong—
I wander deeper
into the forest

*Larry Gates*¹⁴

getting lost
on purpose—
forest fireflies

*Christopher Patchel*¹⁵

In *A Bamboo Broom*, Harold G. Henderson describes Bashō's famous sound-of-water frog poem by saying that “there must have been *external* quiet for the sound to have been heard and *internal* quiet for it to have been noticed.”¹⁶ It is this internal stillness that forest bathing can give us. In his book *Wandering: Notes and Sketches*, Hermann Hesse said, “When we have learned how to listen to trees, then the brevity and the quickness and the childlike hastiness of our thoughts achieve an incomparable joy.” He also said, “Trees are sanctuaries. Whoever knows how to speak to them, whoever knows how to listen to them, can learn the truth.”¹⁷ Speaking of joy, in a *New York Times* essay, “The Joy of Quiet,” Pico Iyer refers to the “urgency of slowing down,” and how he seeks to “lose [himself] in the stillness.” He quotes Marshall McLuhan as saying “When things come at you very fast [as they do in our wired society], naturally you lose touch with yourself.” Iyer says that “The only way to do justice to our onscreen lives is by summoning exactly the emotional and moral clarity that can't be found on any screen.” He also reports on a series of tests with results that will come as no surprise to haiku poets,

that “after spending time in quiet rural settings, subjects ‘exhibit greater attentiveness, stronger memory and generally improved cognition’” and that “Their brains become both calmer and sharper.”¹⁸

You can lose yourself in the woods—and in a good way. If a tree falls in the forest and no one is there to hear it, does it make a sound? Well, with forest bathing, you can be a “no one” in the woods and finally find out. And perhaps forest bathing is also a way of going nowhere. In his book *The Art of Stillness*, Iyer says that “Going nowhere ... is not about austerity so much as about coming closer to one’s senses,” and the job of writers (thus, of course, haiku poets) “is to turn, through stillness, a life of movement into art.” He adds that “The point of gathering stillness is not to enrich the sanctuary or mountaintop but to bring that calm into the motion, the commotion of the world.” Ultimately, he says that “In an age of distraction, nothing can feel more luxurious than paying attention,” and what is haiku but the art of paying attention? Iyer quotes Thomas Merton as saying “I had decided to marry the silence of the forest. The sweet dark warmth of the whole world will have to be my wife.”¹⁹

We marry the forest, of course, by walking. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said that “Walking has the best value as gymnastics for the mind,” and that “beside their sanitary and gymnastic benefit, mountains are silent poets, and a view from a cliff over a wide country undoes a good deal of prose.” Yet he notes that “Few men know how to take a walk. The qualifications ... are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence, and nothing too much.”²⁰

walking
through forest
I rearrange
the trees

tree
falls in the forest
happy to hear it

*Marsh Muirhead*²²

*Paul Reys*²¹

One sage of the wild who knew well how to walk in the woods was naturalist John Muir. He said “The clearest way into the Universe is through a forest wilderness,”²³ and that “In every walk with Nature one receives far

more than he seeks.”²⁴ He reminds us that “Few are altogether deaf to the preaching of pine trees. Their sermons on the mountains go to our hearts; and if people in general could be got into the woods, even for once, to hear the trees speak for themselves, all difficulties in the way of forest preservation would vanish.”²⁵

The idea of forest bathing may seem pure and idealized, and we would do well to keep it that way for ourselves and those around us, but it also risks being overly packaged. In fact, forest bathing is already being commercialized, which may strike some people as unfortunate. Associated Press travel editor Beth J. Harpaz reports that “interest in the concept is growing, with spas, resorts, retreat centers, gardens and parks offering guided ‘forest bathing’ experiences,” such as \$160 for a “50-minute guided forest bathing experience” at Mohonk Mountain House in New Paltz, New York, or \$199 for an “all-day experience at Osmosis Day Spa [in Freestone, California], which includes a massage, lunch, and footbath using forest products like cedar.”²⁶ While I’m sure these are wonderful experiences, paying so much for what is freely available outdoors, near almost everyone, seems antithetical to the nature of forest bathing. We can all go haiku hiking without needing to pay for it, or at least not paying more than a tankful of gas.

A similar concept to forest bathing is the Norwegian notion of *friluftsliv* (pronounced *free-loofts-liv*). This has been translated as “free air life,” but it is much more than that. According to Starre Vartan, *friluftsliv* captures the following spirit:

Coined relatively recently, in 1859 [appearing in a poem by Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen], it is the concept that being outside is good for human beings’ mind and spirit. “It is a term in Norway that is used often to describe a way of life that is spent exploring and appreciating nature,” Anna Stoltenberg, culture coordinator for Sons of Norway, a U.S.-based Norwegian heritage group, told MNN. Other than that, it’s not a strict definition: it can include sleeping outside, hiking, taking photographs or meditating, playing or dancing outside, for adults or kids. It doesn’t require any special equipment, includes all four seasons, and needn’t cost much money. Practicing *friluftsliv* could be as simple as making a commit-

ment to walking in a natural area five days a week, or doing a day-long hike once a month.²⁷

Or perhaps it could entail going out into the woods and writing haiku every day. Or once a week. Russell McLendon notes that “Friluftsliv is a mouthful ... so it may not invade English as easily [as other Scandinavian words]. And it doesn’t really need to. While words are important in shaping how we think, it’s still the idea behind them that counts.”²⁸ Swedish poet Tomas Tranströmer would seem to agree when he wrote, “The wild does not have words.”²⁹ McLendon adds that “there’s a dire need for the philosophy of friluftsliv—by any name—in American schools.” And, I would add, in all the world’s homes and offices, too. There’s an inspiring eleven-minute documentary video about *friluftsliv* on Vimeo at <http://vimeo.com/64425721>. There’s even a website for forest bathing at <http://www.shinrin-yoku.org/>, with additional videos at <http://www.shinrin-yoku.org/video.html>.

We can turn our “free-air lives” and forest bathing into poetry. As poet Lorine Niedecker said in a 1967 letter to Gail Roub, “I am what is around me—these woods have made me.”³⁰ And they made her poems. Also in 1967, poet A. R. Ammons wrote that “Poetry Is a Walk.” His essay compares walks and poetry and concludes by saying that “Poetry is a verbal means to a nonverbal source. It is a motion to no-motion, to the still point of contemplation and deep realization.” In this way, hiking in the woods can take us to the same nonverbal source, to still points of interpenetration. Indeed, a walk is poetry. Ammons says that both walks and poems are “useless,” but clarifies that “Only uselessness is empty enough for the presence of so many uses,” and that “Only uselessness can allow the walk to be totally itself.”³¹ As Lorine Neidecker said, in this way, we become the woods.

snow falling
on tangled trees
alone with my thoughts

*Susan B. Auld*³²

Along the way
an old oak branch
becomes a walking stick

*Garry Gay*³³

Remember, too, Thoreau's essay on "Walking," in which he advises his readers to saunter, a word that he says may derive from the French term *sans terre*, or "without land or a home." He takes this to mean being "equally at home everywhere"—a stance that is "the secret of successful sauntering." And when we walk—Thoreau calls it the "art of walking"—we are fully present, living "the gospel according to this moment." Indeed, Thoreau says, "What business have I in the woods, if I am thinking of something out of the woods?" While bathing in what he calls nature's "subtle magnetism," we can be infused by "something in the mountain-air that feeds the spirit and inspires."³⁴ We need these infusions regularly. As environmentalist author Edward Abbey has said, "Wilderness is not a luxury but a necessity of the human spirit, and as vital to our lives as water and good bread."³⁵

Here I think of another French term, *flâneur*—a stroller, loafer, or saunterer. The term was originally associated with Paris in the nineteenth century, suggesting an idle man of leisure, someone interested in exploring, yet not with too much purpose. Such people were eager sponges for the sights and sounds around them in an urban setting, and the same curious attitude might also apply to saunterers in the woods—and to the art of forest bathing. In an interview for the Katonah Poetry Series, Billy Collins notes that a *flâneur* is "a stroller, a dawdler, head in the clouds" and that "He is by nature a day-dreamer whose favorite toys are his thoughts. Not content to leave the natural world alone, he uses its scenes as launching pads for imaginative flights."³⁶ Perhaps even haiku.

the pine doesn't care
after farting in the forest
I belch

*Michael Ketchek*³⁷

listening to my steps ...
the forest passes
through me

*Marko Hudnik*³⁸

Even if we can't make it to the woods as often as we like, we can still practice the art of forest bathing in whatever few trees we might have near us in cities, taking in everything even in urban environments—to engage in *flânerie* wherever we might be. In his introduction to *The Book of Idle Pleasures*, Tom Hodgkinson says that "When we take a stroll at a

deliberately slow pace through the city, and merely observe the currents of life without submitting to the urge to shop, we are making an enjoyable protest against the work-and-consume society. Idle pleasure can also reconnect us with nature.”³⁹ Thich Nhat Hanh has said, “Smile, breathe and go slowly.” Likewise, haiku poets might try being content just to observe, or just to experience, and not necessarily be driven to write anything. If sound comes out of silence, and words out of wordlessness, it seems that the forest can provide both silence and stillness if we choose to seek it out. If we are prompted to respond in poetry, our words are a cherry on top of experience.

At the very least, as Paul O. Williams has put it, haiku poets go about “loafing alertly.”⁴⁰ Indeed, perhaps communion with nature is more than enough—an intimate exchange. And so we might agree with Jane Siberry who sings in “Bound by the Beauty,” a song from 1989, “I’m going to find a forest / And stand there in the trees / And kiss the fragrant forest floor / And lie down in the leaves / And listen to the birds sing / The sweetest sound you’ll hear.” She adds that “I’m coming back in 500 years / and the first thing I’m gonna do / When I get back here / Is to see these things I love / And they’d better be here, better be here, better be here.”⁴¹

quiet woods —
he turns to kiss me
through a snowflake

*Dejah Léger*⁴²

slant of light
through autumn woods —
whitethroat’s minor whistle

*Ruth Yarrow*⁴³

In his poem “Wayfarer’s Night Song II,” Goethe wrote that we cannot help but come to rest in the woods.⁴⁴ This is the way the woods can affect us—giving us rest, both physically and mentally, in body and soul. But not just that. The woods can slow us down, and slowing down deepens the connection. As Jeremy Siligson put it, “The woods last longer when you walk slowly.”⁴⁵ You can walk at whatever pace you like, as long as you’re present, truly seeing, paying attention—remember Mary Oliver’s “Instructions for living a life: / Pay attention. / Be astonished. / Tell about it.”⁴⁶ Nor do you have to be in the thick of a forest to do this, or in any place that’s particularly wild. Just getting out to walk anywhere can

provide benefit, more than just being exercise. Here's how memoirist and journalist Vivian Gormick discussed the subject in a 2015 interview with her by Jessica Gross:

I've never strolled. I never set out to encounter, I set out to walk. I set out to dispel daily depression. Every afternoon I get low-spirited, and one day I discovered the walk. I had some place to go on the Upper East Side, and I lived downtown on 12th Street. I decided to walk on impulse and it was three miles and it took an hour and I thought, "Oh, this is great, I feel so much better." Lots of people know this, but I never knew it until I just stumbled on it. And then I began to make deliberate use of it. So I am always walking somewhere. I set myself a destination, and then things happen in the street.⁴⁷

These rewards lie at the heart of taking a ginko, or haiku walk—even if each walk we take doesn't result in a single haiku. The benefit to haiku poets, naturally (yes, a pun), is to reconnect with the world around us—and the *words* around us. This reconnection, this communion, gets us physically moving in our environment, without looking for Pokémon—especially if we choose natural environments that can recharge us. Such movement brings us new experiences, even if subtle. We can breathe fresh air, and perhaps think about our feelings, our relationships, our values. Or not think at all. Sometimes we can forget about such things, and put all our stresses behind us while we focus on the trees and sky, the flowers and the pathway, one foot in front of the other, swimming in all our senses as we absorb every delicate detail we can. If a haiku comes, then that's gravy—and often it will. On a walk in the woods, we may well inhale nature and exhale haiku. But if a poem does not come, perhaps we'll find seeds for haiku, and these seeds may germinate later. We can still receive multiple rewards from bathing in whatever forests we can find, whether we take the forests of our lives to be literal or figurative.

winter woods
deeper and deeper
into myself

*Karma Tenzing Wangchuk*⁴⁸

gone from the woods
the bird I knew
by song alone

*Paul O. Williams*⁴⁹

all my regrets
left in the forest
hunter's moon

*Margaret Chula*⁵⁰

The following haibun adds a personal context to the preceding essay. Then it's time to add your haiku to the conversation. Find a forest and dive in.

* * * *

REBIRTH: AN ENVOI

On February 17, 2016, I ruptured my Achilles tendon while playing racquetball. I had surgery in early March and then an emergency hospital stay in mid April with complications from the surgery. I nearly died. On April 12 I wrote on Facebook that I was being released from hospital that evening, but said I still wasn't "out of the woods yet." I didn't realize it at the time, but what I really wanted was to be back *in* the woods. I was unable to walk without crutches. In late April I started intensive physical therapy to rehab my tendon. And then on May 17, three months after the rupture, I posted this on Facebook: "I took a walk in the woods today. An actual walk in the woods. This morning my surgeon gave me permission to drive, and I'm mostly not wearing my boot anymore. I don't need crutches except for prolonged walking. But today I ditched the crutches, drove to a nearby park, and went for a short walk in the woods. Not far, and I'm still limping, but this is progress." That walk was at the Redmond Watershed Preserve, whose woods in the Cascade foothills near Seattle are part of what novelist Margaret Craven called "the greatest forest in the word." I hobbled about a quarter mile on a paved trail to a lake view where most of the trees were leafed out to spring.

clearing sky ...
a beaver kit's
spreading ripples

I knew then that the fall leaves would fly before I could walk more properly. And now it's November. My range of motion and muscle strength still hasn't fully returned, but today I went for my last physical therapy visit. Then I treated myself to another walk at the preserve—I've had several in between. I'm still not playing racquetball but I can walk fairly normally for as many miles as needed. The leaves have turned and most of the yellow ones have fallen to the ground. A few other trees are fiery red, and still haven't dropped their leaves. Pine needles colour the paths. I no longer take for granted something as simple as being able to walk. This week a dear poet friend passed away suddenly from a heart attack. We never know when it will be time to go. The ski season will start in a month or so. Maybe I'll be able to make some turns before Christmas, and play racquetball by then too. But for now, even if it's with a diminishing limp, I can enjoy walking in the woods, bathing in the forest and taking pleasure in the vibrant autumn leaves that I anticipated, oh, almost nine months before. Nine months before.

autumn chill ...
my dance in the woods
with no one watching

NOTES

¹ This essay was first presented in shorter versions on August 13, 2016 at a national meeting of the Haiku Society of America in Portland, Oregon, and on September 15, 2017 at the Haiku North America conference in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

² *White Lotus* 9 (Fall/Winter 2009), 19.

³ *Modern Haiku* 44:1 (Winter–Spring 2013), 118.

⁴ *Bottle Rockets* 7:1 (2005), 32.

⁵ Lowenstein, Tom. *Classic Haiku*. London: Duncan Baird Publishers, 2007, 33.

⁶ *Wisteria* 8 (2008), 21.

⁷ *Chrysanthemum* 7 (2010).

⁸ Thoreau, Henry David. “Walking,” in *The Atlantic Monthly* IX:LVI, June 1862, 657–674.

⁹ Selhub, Eva and Alan Logan. “Your Brain on Nature: Forest Bathing and Reduced Stress” in *Mother Earth News*. January 8, 2013.

¹⁰ Welch, Michael Dylan and Scott Wiggerman, eds. *Earthsigns*. Sammamish, Washington: Press Here, 2017, 78.

¹¹ Welch, Michael Dylan, ed. *Jumble Box*. Sammamish, Washington: Press Here, 2017, 122.

¹² Richter, Will. “Forest Bathing: Good for the Spirit—and Body” in *Alive*, September 29, 2011 (<http://www.alive.com/health/forest-bathing/>).

¹³ Guterson, David. *Snow Falling on Cedars*. New York: Vintage, 1995, 203–204.

¹⁴ *The Heron’s Nest* 16:1 (2014).

¹⁵ *Presence* 47 (2012), 21.

¹⁶ Henderson, Harold Gould. *The Bamboo Broom*, New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1934, p. 34, emphasis added.

¹⁷ Hesse, Hermann. *Wandering: Notes and Sketches*. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1972, translated by James Wright.

¹⁸ Iyer, Pico. “The Joy of Quiet,” in *The New York Times*, December 29, 2011 (<https://www.nytimes.com/2012/01/01/opinion/sunday/the-joy-of-quiet.html>).

¹⁹ Iyer, Pico. *The Art of Stillness*. New York: TED Books / Simon & Schuster, 2014, p. 6, 21, 63, 66, and 37, respectively.

²⁰ Emerson, Ralph Waldo. “Country Life,” in *The Atlantic*, November 1904, based on a lecture given in March of 1858 (<http://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/1904/11/country-life/376194/>).

²¹ *Juicing*. Garden City, New York: Anchor Books, 1978, 65.

- ²² *Modern Haiku* 41:1 (Winter–Spring 2010), 72.
- ²³ Muir, John, *John of the Mountains: The Unpublished Journals of John Muir*. Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin Press, 1979, 313.
- ²⁴ Muir, John. *Steep Trails*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, 1918 (http://vault.sierraclub.org/john_muir_exhibit/writings/steep_trails/chapter_9.aspx).
- ²⁵ Muir, John “The National Parks and Forest Reservations,” in a speech on November 23, 1895, in *Proceedings of the Meeting of the Sierra Club*, published in the *Sierra Club Bulletin* 1:7, January 1896, 282–83.
- ²⁶ Harpaz, Beth J. “Forest ‘bathing’: A mindful walk in the woods, no getting wet,” in *Seattle Times*, September 14, 2016 (<http://www.seattletimes.com/life/travel/forest-bathing-a-mindful-walk-in-the-woods-no-getting-wet/>).
- ²⁷ Vartan, Steve. “7 cultural concepts we don't have in the U.S.,” in *Mother Nature Network*, December 30, 2014 (<https://www.mnn.com/lifestyle/arts-culture/blogs/7-cultural-concepts-we-dont-have-in-the-us>).
- ²⁸ McLendon, Russell. “How ‘friluftsliv’ can help you reconnect with nature,” in *Mother Nature Network*, June 27, 2014 (<https://www.mnn.com/earth-matters/wilderness-resources/blogs/how-friluftsliv-can-help-you-reconnect-with-nature>).
- ²⁹ Tranströmer, Tomas. “From March ’79,” translated by John F. Deane, *Selected Poems, 1954–1986*, Hopewell, New Jersey: Ecco Press, 1987, p. 159. This was the only poem included by Monica Tranströmer on behalf of her husband for his Nobel Prize acceptance speech on 10 December 2011.
- ³⁰ Walsh, Phyllis. *Solitary Plover*. La Crosse, Wisconsin: Juniper Press, 1992, 26–27.
- ³¹ Ammons, A. R. “Poetry Is a Walk,” in *Epoch* 18, Fall 1968, pages 114–19. First delivered as a presentation to the International Poetry Forum in Pittsburgh in April 1967 (<http://templepoetry.blogspot.com/2009/06/poem-is-walk.html>).
- ³² Kacian, Jim, ed. *Chrysanthemum Dusk*. Winchester, Virginia: Red Moon Press, 2016. 40.
- ³³ *Woodnotes* 22 (1994), 22.
- ³⁴ Thoreau, Henry David. “Walking,” in *The Atlantic Monthly* IX:LVI, June 1962, 657–674.
- ³⁵ Abbey, Edward. *Desert Solitaire*. New York: Touchstone, 1968, 169.
- ³⁶ Collins, Billy, in Andrew Kuhn. *How a Poem Can Happen*. New York: Red Spruce Press, 2017 (<http://katonahpoetry.com/interviews/interview-with-billy-collins/>).

³⁷ *Bottle Rockets* 11:1 (2009), 22.

³⁸ *Shamrock* 16 (2010).

³⁹ Hodgkinson, Tom and Dan Kieran, eds. *The Book of Idle Pleasures*. Kansas City, Missouri: Andrews McMeel, 2010, vi.

⁴⁰ Williams, Paul O. "Loafing Alertly," in *Frogpond* IV:4 (Winter 1981).

⁴¹ Siberry, Jane. "Bound by the Beauty." Duke Street Records/Reprise Records, 1989.

⁴² Welch, Michael Dylan and Ruth Yarrow, eds. *Standing Still*. Sammamish, Washington: Press Here, 2011, 16

⁴³ *The Heron's Nest* 8:3 (2006).

⁴⁴ Holden, Anthony and Ben Holden, eds. *Poems That Make Grown Men Cry*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 2014, 14.

⁴⁵ *Hummingbird* 16:1 (2005), 27.

⁴⁶ Oliver, Mary. "Sometimes," in *Devotions: Selected Poems*. New York: Penguin, 2017, 105.

⁴⁷ Gormick, Vivian. "A Woman on the Margins," interview by Jessica Gross, Longreads, May 2015 (<https://longreads.com/2015/05/19/a-woman-on-the-margins/>).

⁴⁸ *Bottle Rockets* 24 (2011), 10.

⁴⁹ *Frogpond* 12:2 (1989), 27.

⁵⁰ *Frogpond* 35:2, (2012), 33.